

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

VOL. II. [NO. 14.]

LOUISA. LAWRENCE CO., KY., NOVEMBER 25, 1886.

FERGUSON & CONLEY, Publishers.

"THAT THINGS ARE NO WORSE"

From the time of our old Revolution, When we threw off the yoke of the King, Has descended this phrase to remember, To remember, to say, and to sing: "Tis a phrase that is full of a lesson, It can comfort and warm like a fire, It can cheer us when days are the darkest; "That things are no worse, O, my Sirs!"

"Twas King George's Prime Minister and it, To the King who had questioned, in heat, What he meant by appointing Thanksgiving. In such times of ill luck and defeat; "What's the cause for your Day of Thanksgiving?"

"Tell me, pray!" cried the King, in his ire; Said the Minister: "This is the reason— That things are no worse, O, my Sirs!"

There has nothing come down in the story Of the answer returned by the King; But I think na the throne he sat silent, And confessed it a sensible thing.

For there's never a burden so heavy That it might not be heavier still;

There's never a bitter a sorrow Than the cup could not fuller fill.

And whatever of fear or of sadness, Our life is not quite quiet, but there is. There is always the cause for Thanksgiving Which the Minister told to the King.

"It's a lesson to sing and remember;

It can comfort and warm like a fire,

Can cheer us when days are the darkest—

"That things are no worse, O, my Sirs!"

—Helen Jackson (*H. J.*), in *Wide Awake*.

(Original)

A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

One Flirtation, One Thanksgiving, One Wedding.

BY E. S. R.

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—To the Editor-in-Chief Criterion, City.—Dear Sir: It pains me exceedingly to be obliged to incur your displeasure in regard to the next chapter of "Coming Events." But really the days have grown so short, with work over on the increase—indeed, sometimes, I think I shall drop either the office or my literary aspirations altogether. The former, notwithstanding your kind assurances, I am not prepared to do; the latter, I fear not; so there the days go by—frustrated at both ends, wasted in the middle. And then—and then—dear Mr. Editor, lend me your most sympathetic ear, if you have got such a thing—I burn a little romantic episode of my own!

Hoping not to strain your kind temper too far, I remain,

Yours truly,

TIGER.

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—Editor Criterion.—Dear Sir: I send you the promised sheets, and hope to be "on hand" with the next.

Ah! So you really have a "sentimental ear" and want to know about my "romantic ep." Well, I do not mind telling you, we are such great friends—though we have never met. Besides, I know you are such a regular old chisel you never will disclose. Besides, I have not a soul to tell, and I am dying for sympathy. You see Dick Ray and I had a regular fuss, night before last, as to our favorite style of beauty; the subject being started by a question as to preference, in my now "Mental Autograph Album." So pronounced was my enthusiasm for that rare combination, "light hair and dark eyes," that Dick, whose unrelaxed raveness has never been able to score a hit closer to the center of my heart than "friendship," was somewhat startled, and I could see not a little nettled. One word led to another, each one masking me but the more loyal to what, true or false, does mole, has never been more than an ideal in my mind. He was strong was the impression left by the controversy that sleep was not able to banish it. A hero of "light hair and dark eyes" wandered with me through dreamland, appeared in the sunlit rays which woke me; indeed, followed me clear into the office, where every thing, not business and clothes, are supposed to be perceptually "dropped."

By noon, his deathtime was pretty well banished, however, and I started to laugh at the usual hour without him, till coming to the corner of Wabash Avenue and Adams street, the capers of a fractions horse disturbed the symmetry of travel, and a sudden huddle and hault of the "living stream" brought me face to face with a perfect type of poor Dick's rival as could possibly be met with in a day's search. Such remarkably fine brown eyes! So deep set in shape, so liberal, kindly and frank in expression, so charming in contrast with the hair, whose "lightness"

ideal and I—for aye, and aye, and aye. Alas!

You think I did right, *ne cest pas?*

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—Editor Criterion.—Dear Sir: I am sorry to say, I must again disappoint you with sheets of "Coming Events." Night before last I slept but two hours, last night was utterly worthless, could do nothing rational in the way of work—I am so disturbed and unhappy!

What do you think happened Thursday? Just about the same place and same time, whom should I meet again, but my nice old gentleman. Oh, but he is handsome i with such a look—more than a look—that makes me want so much to know him. I know he would be such a good, true friend—and oh, my dear sir, I am so desolate of friends! He was carrying an umbrella, so was I, and we passed, like two ships at sea, as near as we dared; I with my stoniest glare, he with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a half in his grin that told me, well as I wanted to know, that I need not walk alone to lunch that day, unless I wished. But I saw well enough that he was a wealthy gentleman, who, no doubt, would be only too glad to have a little sport with the heart of a poor little maiden, who would have caught sleep regret to left to fill the emptiness in her life, after he had fled to pastures new.

Nevertheless, after passing, a strong desire possessed me to see how he walked, mayhap wherein he might turn on the avuncle, that would give me some clue to his business, which desire was fed, as desire ever will be, by nothing less than W.—'s great, big photograph-case standing way out on the pavement, with its shelter, and shade, and excuse, right on its beautiful case! Oh, why will people do that, which they know they will be sorry for! And why will inanimate things conspire, in times of weakness, to lead the doubter towards regret! This apple of Sodom came in my way at my weakest, blinding me half—just a moment—look at the pictures,

havn any objections to you, your own self, but, don't you see, if I let you—there le no reason—why I—should—not let—anybody—at least, there is—nothing to prevent your thinking—I—would—" and "I could say no more. I funny heard the great solo underneath, for in tones so low, not even the little rain drops falling about us could hear, he stopped and said, oh, so earnestly! "God bless and care of you, my dear good little girl!" then stooping still lower, he kissed my hand, as respectfully as if I had been some great lady, and we were standing on the hall-room floor of some elegant home. The rain drops which splashed on the hard sidewalk side of my little sachet must have been cold on our skin and wa, n on the other; cold for grot at the happiness I had thrown, willingly, over my shoulder, warm with the intense thrills of delight which any woman always feels at receiving the well-earned respect of a thoroughly manly man.

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, Nov. 10.—Editor Criterion.—Dear Sir: I read you a few more pages. I fear that I must bring "Coming Events" to a more abrupt conclusion than I had intended. It, or something, is wearing on me perceptibly. I can neither sleep nor eat, there they all were, close beside him, minus the luckless cranberries.

"You must allow me to see you safely to your home," he said. "You are too weakly to be trusted alone." Whatever more he said was neither heard nor replied to; I could neither hear nor see, nor understand. After seeing me safely deposited in the musty little parlor, he added: "Now"—but I never heard the rest, for a senseless heap was all that was left of me, ten seconds after I touched the little lounge.

And the next voice I heard was the doctor's, and a very strictly professional voice it was, after the dear tender tones that had sent me to sleep.

CONTINUATION FROM PRIVATE DIARY.

And so I spent Thanksgiving Day in bed, and four days after. The fifth day a second form followed the doctor's into the parlor—which I had, for the first time, reached again—and shed its "light hair and dark eye" upon the face of the little mirror which had reflected Dick's angry glances, the evening of our discussion of that fatal subject.

The doctor staid only long enough to feel my pulse, chase my medicine and introduce me to his old friend and fellow citizen, Oh, kindly curts, open and swallow me up! Ye, snow, fall in heaps and bury me from sight! Oh, sun, cease your cruel shunning, and let n merciful darkness enshroud my crushed, humiliating soft! I for the doctor introduced me to M. L. De Verno, editor-in-chief Criterion, city, who for the last eight weeks had been receiving, in the private box of his editor-in-chiefship, the twin remanances of "Coming Events" and my own dearly-bought story of self-proclaimed love and devotion for the "dear old male, who would not disclose," and with whom my identification dated from that day when the brown eyes rested indifferently on the awning of the rival restaurant across the way. No, I am sure he did not see; and I did not prolong his opportunity for so doing, I can assure you. He was immaculately dressed in a cool, fawn-colored suit, faultless linen, and the short white hair a la pompadour over the broad forehead, the whole set off by a nobby little button-hole bouquet—red and white. Had I been a native of Senecaburg he could not have remained more utterly unconscious of my presence than he did, all through that cozy little meal we took there, side by side, but not together. And the dainty, sensible meal he ordered! Just what I should have chosen to serve him had I it to do. Ah, no! an me! And how daintily he dined! No hurry, no indecent haste. So different from the ravenous and disgusting manner of the "cheap-John" gobblers, who so offended my domestic taste every time I ate in a restaurant. He kept his dishes neatly arranged about him, so as not to interfere with anybody, and, as if anticipating the relief it would give, left the room first.

And there lay the dear little daisy at the other side of his plate. How did it get out of its compact little home? It must have peeked! I waited—just a moment—looked at the pictures, and—peeked! Oh! there was my ideal, turned square around, looking after me, stock still, umbrella over his shoulder, the white of white handkerchiefs in his hand! Of course he expected me to do some such graceful thing, and here I, poor silly goose, walked right into the trap.

The storm of anger, mortification and self-blame ended, as storms usually do, in copious rain; and you may depend that never again will I get caught in such a shameful manner. Oh, shame upon me! Never! What would the dear prim little aunt, way back in the prim little churchyard of the primest town in all of prim old Connecticut, say, could she know that I, to whom her last words were of caution and advice on account of my "looks," should here, in the noblest city of the whole wild West, be caught, in the public street, flirting with a maternized ideal! "TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, Oct. 27.—Editor Criterion.—Dear Sir: So I have been quite industrious. I send you advance sheets this time. You will say my humiliating lesson did me good. So it did. I have since frequently met "my nice old gentleman." He seems to understand that I am no common friend. He passes in respectful and unexpected manner, that is not indifference, but which increases my interest in him tenfold for its malice. One look, one word of intrusion or familiarity, after he has it set contrary to my conscience, would have settled the matter. All interest in him would have died on the spot. I loathe an oil stool! He is all that is manly, self-controlled and gentlemanlike—I do believe, though I offend my domestic taste every time I ate in a restaurant. He kept his dishes neatly arranged about him, so as not to interfere with anybody, and, as if anticipating the relief it would give, left the room first.

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SKY PARLOR, Nov. 17.—Editor Criterion.—Dear Sir: I must disappoint you this week. I have been very ill. The doctor insists upon perfect rest. I shall try to send you some pages Thursday.

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, Nov. 23.—Editor Criterion.—Dear Sir: I send you the next four chapters. You will say I must be going to die, I am so good.

One more episode in my romance, which I write with tears in my eyes. Last night I was standing at the corner of Washington and State streets waiting for the car. You know what an excessively sloppy night it was, and what a task it is to reach the cable at that hour, through such a jangle of every thing, and the mud, too. I was feeling particularly cross and uncomfortable. The rain was playing havoc with my pretty little rough suit, as the mud would with my neat shoes. I must have looked mind, I felt so—not daring to go on, not daring to wait, lest the rain should soak me, coming straight towards me, my dear old gentleman, with his certain, gracious manner, and his raised umbrella, which, with a respectful but firm "prout me," held straight over the damp little turban, and, gently taking my arm, escorted me, through all the "jangle of every thing," to the car steps. But the bustle was not too great, nor the way too short nor difficult, to prevent his expressing, in oh, such well-bred and nice tones—how much he would like the pleasure of my acquaintance, and might he not hope some time, before very long, to call upon me at my home—might he not have my address to night?

And of course—of course—why of course! I could not let him. Ah! but you can not know how I almost cheered us I told him so. Oh dear, can you think. I was so desolate, and I knew he was good and true.

"Oh, my dear sir," I said, "it is indeed impossible. Indeed, indeed, like not that I

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OFFICE—Old Clerk's Office Building, LOUISA, KENTUCKY.

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 25th, 1886.

Taulbee's official majority is 816.

Cincinnati suffered from a \$300,000 fire last Saturday.

Ex-President Arthur died at his residence in New York city at 5:30 a.m. Thursday. The remains were buried at Albany, N.Y.

The second number of a "Non-Political, Non-Scismatic Local News-paper, devoted solely to the best interests of Shelbyville and Shelby County" called the Shelby News has reached us. Its advertising columns are well patronized, and if it receives from the citizens of that community the support it deserves, it will prosper; and our wish is that it will receive this support.

A lively time is expected in Indiana this year over the election of a man to succeed Ben Harrison, (Rep.) in the Senate of the United States. The Democrats have a majority of two votes on joint ballot in the Legislature, but the Republicans expect to overcome this and elect their man by a repetition of the Bob Kennedy act in Ohio. The Democrats, however, are awake to the situation and it is believed that they will be equal to the occasion and not permit any such frauds to be perpetrated.

Mrs. Mary Shreve Ransom, widow of the late Gen. H. P. Ransom, of Lexington has fallen heir to a large sum of money in England. Mrs. Ransom is at present in Mobile, but will leave at once for England to obtain her share in the Shreve estate, which is now in the hands of the Bank of England, to be turned over to the proper persons. The estate is said to be worth \$100,000,000, and there are twenty-four heirs. Mrs. Ransom's part is estimated to amount to \$4,145,833. She has already a large estate, and this enormous addition would make her the wealthiest woman in the State of Kentucky, or about the fourth to the wealthiest woman in North America.

All clerks in the Treasury Department, who are represented by substitutes, have been ordered to report for duty, an order which has caused much commotion among those who have been holding office by proxy. Mr. Taulbee, of Kentucky, during the last session of Congress, called attention to the abuses that had grown up in the matter of absenteeism, and his rather pointed remarks may have led to this somewhat tardy effort at reform.—Courier-Journal.

The Field.

[Louisville Commercial.]

AUGUSTA.—The Commercial man has just returned from a tour over the Ninth Congressional District, and has some information which may prove of interest. For the first time in the history of democracy Bracken County has defeated the Democratic nominee for Congress. About the first of January Judge Garrett S. Wall, of Mason County, became a candidate for Congress, subject to party action, and opened up an active campaign, visiting all the counties in the district, at the same time "dishing out" money with a lavish hand. Being an active and inspiring young man he made friends everywhere he went. After he had fairly opened up the campaign, J. D. Kehoe, who calls Mason County his home, also announced himself as a candidate. They knowing that it would be folly for Mason County to come before the convention with two candidates, decided to hold a primary to decide who should be the county's choice. The Democrats of the county decided that Judge Wall was their choice by 800 majority. Kehoe's friends at one time said "Wall was the cause of it," and a strong rivalry sprang up be-

tween the Wall and Kehoe factions. Kehoe was an Irishman and of course the Irish were all for him, and they swore vengeance against Wall. In the meantime Judge Sam Savage, of Boyd county, became a candidate and began a tour of the district. His great hold was upon the Germans. He came to Bracken and made many friends, especially among the Germans. S. Clark Basson, of Bath county, announced himself also. Things moved along in a happy manner until the convention, which was held here on September 8. In the meantime, in this county, slanderous remarks were circulated about Judge Wall by his enemies, assisted by the Republicans, who circulated the report that Judge Wall had called Savage's followers "Dutch slums and bummers." However, Wall received the Democratic nomination, and the Savage element in this county and the Kehoe elements in Mason, swore "by the Holy Moses" that they wouldn't support him. The Republicans seeing a chance to make capital, began at once a jibes against Wall, and also getting around some of the ignorant dissatisfied Democrats, induced them to believe these libelous reports, at the same time laughing in the sleeves at the "chumps" they were working so well. The Democratic orators came around and still they did no good. Savage himself came down to quiet his friends, but instead of quieting them worked the thing up to a fever heat, and it is said by many that he did all he could against Wall, under cover. The Kehoe element kept up a continual harangue against Wall at his home, which also made things very unpleasant for him. The Democratic party throughout the entire district has been poorly organized and managed for the past six years. In this county, with a Democratic majority of 800, they gave Wall only 134. It is estimated that Wall spent \$20,000 in this race, and your correspondent thinks this has been a most disastrous one for the Democracy. It has brought about two very bitter factions in the party, who will knife each other at every opportunity. The Republicans are jubilant over the present state of affairs. Judge Wall's enemies resorted to all sorts of mean and contemptible tricks to defeat him, and Bracken county was the stamping ground. They had tickets printed with simply "Wall" on them in Lewis county and forty-nine of them were voted, and of course they were thrown out. In Bracken county they had tickets with "Garrett S. Wall" printed on them, also Savage tickets, and a number of them were voted.

THANKSGIVING.

Gov. Knott Issues a Proclamation in Conformity With That of the President.

The President of the United States has designated Thursday, the 25th day of the present month, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for the manifold blessings He hath vouchsafed to us during the past year.

I. J. Proctor Knott, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, do hereby recommend that it shall appropriately be observed as such with acts of adoration and praise as are due from the creature to the Creator, and the exercise of that charity toward the distressed which constitutes the highest test of Christian faith."

If children had worms I should give them "Dr. Sellers' Vermifuge" and no other for it never fails to expel them; 25c. Sold by all druggists.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 102 Wall St., N.Y.

Happiness

...from that true contentment which has a perfect health of body and mind. You "may possess it, if you will purify and to assist your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla." L. M. Howard, Newport, N.H., writes: "I suffered for years with Scrofulous humors. After using two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I

Found

great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight St., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe,

At Home

without it. As a liver medicine and general purifier of the blood, it has no equal." Mrs. A. B. Allen, Winterport, Va., writes: "My youngest child, two years of age, was taken with Bowel Complaint, which we could not cure. We tried many remedies, but he continued to grow worse, and finally became so reduced in flesh that we could only move him upon a pillow. It was suggested by one of the doctors that Scrofula might be the cause of the trouble. We procured a bottle of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

and commenced giving it to him. It surely worked wonders, for, in a short time, he was completely cured."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1; Six bottles, \$5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

English Spain Liniment removes all Hard, Soot, or Galeous Lamps and Blotches from horses, Blood Spain, Cubes, Sweeney, Stitches, Sprains, Sores and Swolles. Throat, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by Frees & Norris, Drug Store, Louisville.

Danger! A neglected cold or cough may become chronic. Consumption, a fatal disease. Ayer's Sarsaparilla Pills will cure a cold by magic. Best thing for desperate indigestion, sick headache, &c. thousands testify.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cent per box. For sale at R. F. Vinson's Drug Store.

RECOMMENDED by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair regains its youthful color and vigor. Rev. H. P. Williamson, Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N.C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past 30 years; and, although I am upwards of 69, my hair is as abundant and glossy to-day as when I was 25."

LE assure, that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor will convince you of its powers. Mrs. M. E. Goff, Leadville, Col., writes: "Two years ago, my hair having almost entirely fallen out, I commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. To-day my hair is 29 inches long, fine, strong, and healthy."

RENEWED and strengthened by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair regains its youthful color and vitality. Rev. H. P. Williamson, Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N.C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the last ten years. It is an excellent preservative."

BY the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, Geo. A. Dadman, Waterloo, Mo., had his hair restored to its original healthy condition. He was nearly bald, and very gray. He writes: "Only four bottles of the Vigor were required to restore my hair to its youthful color and quantity."

USING Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff cases of the scalp. V. H. Foster, Princeton, Ind., writes: "I had been troubled for years with a disease of the scalp; my head was covered with dandruff, and the hair dry and harsh. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave me immediate relief, cleaned the scalp, and rendered the hair soft and pliable."

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BIG SANDY NEWS.

This is Thanksgiving day.

T. D. Mareum was in Louisa last week.

Court of Claims the first Monday in December.

James O'Brien is still low with pneumonia.

John Hays, of Charley, was in town last week.

Last Thursday was pay-day on the Government works.

Rev. Z. Meek was on the down train Monday afternoon.

Capt. C. Milstead, of Portsmouth, was in this city Monday.

W. D. Creasy, of Cincinnati, was here the first of the week.

Mrs. S. S. Vinson, of Ceredo, W. Va., is visiting in Louisa.

Arthur and Milt Preston passed down on the afternoon train Monday.

C. R. DeLeon and John J. Walsh, of Cincinnati, were in this city Monday.

W. B. Asle, of Huntington W. Va., was registered at the Chateau Monday.

Give the Louisa Art Gallery a call and examine some of their good work.

Pictures taken at the Louisa Art Gallery on cloudy days as well any other time.

George Billups, who is employed at Ashland, spent a few days at home this week.

Mrs. Hughes, of Star Furnace, was visiting her sons at this place a few days since.

Miss Mary Thompson, of St. Albans, W. Va., is visiting Miss Wilhelmina at this place.

The recent rains have caused a rise in the river sufficient to allow some of the steamers to come out.

Married, at this place yesterday, Mr. George E. Chapman to Mrs. Mary Maynard, both of Gallup, Ky.

The examining trial of the Robinet brothers for shooting Scarbury was continued until next Monday.

Gus Calvert general travelling salesman for L. Srix & Co., of Cincinnati, was in the city the first of the week.

A special train Tuesday afternoon took Col. Northup to Richardson, from whence he proceeded up the river.

The Baptist Church gave a masquerade in Draper's Hall last Saturday evening. The proceeds amounted to \$22.

The work of laying the stone on the abutment of the dam has been commenced. Mr. George Strachan is superintending the work.

R. Eason, traveling Agent for the American Sewing Machine Co., called on us Tuesday and made advertising contract for his company.

Headache, dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation cured at once by "Sellers' Liver Pills," 25c. a box. Sold by all druggists. 2-17.

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the lower court in the case of Pud Mareum. The Governor has not set the day for the hanging.

S. T. Nickles and Jas. Trimble, of Cynthiaville, came up on the Mountain Girl Sunday night and took the up train Monday morning, enroute for Pikeville.

R. J. Prichard and John Billups have returned from their hunting excursion in the mountains of West Virginia. The party killed five deer and one bear.

Mr. G. W. Castle and wife have returned, after traveling over Kansas for several weeks. Mr. Castle will not locate in the West, at least not in the near future.

Mr. W. H. Hubbard, of Richardson, gave the News office one of those pleasant calls yesterday which subscribers sometimes make—in other words, he left a dollar with us.

The people of the upper Sandy Valley feel confident that they will soon have a railroad. And if they will only grant the right-of-way and

offer reasonable inducements they will certainly be blessed with a road.

We take pleasure in recommending Hall's Hair Renewer to our readers. It restores gray hair to its youthful color, prevents baldness, makes the hair soft and glossy, does not stain the skin, and is altogether the best known remedy for all hair and scalp diseases.

Mrs. Lessingwell, of this place, and Mrs. R. S. Booten, of Prestonsburg, were called to Rockville by the illness of their mother, Mrs. Terman.

Select School.

About Feb. 1st I shall open a select school in Louisa and continue it five months. The curriculum will embrace the branches usually taught in high schools. Teachers and those who wish to prepare themselves for teaching will receive special attention.

G. W. WROTHEN.

Diseases of the Skin, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 Minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. A sure cure and perfectly harmless. Warranted by Freese & Norris, Druggists, Louisville.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

A white cow 5 years old, weighs about 850 or 900 pounds, in good condition, giving about two gallons of milk at a milking. Liberal reward to finder.

J. A. HUGHES.

For out of sorts with headache, stomach disorder, torpid liver, pain in back or side, constipation, etc., neglect may be fatal. One dose of Strong's Sanative Pills will give relief & a few doses restore to new health and vigor.

The Present of Insomnia.

The patient of insomnia, or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve system, the brain. Irrigate the stomach and the rectum. A medicine will do this effect. A medicine for the purpose is Hatcher's Stomach Bitter, which is preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics, which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the body, sooner or later irritate the jones of the stomach. The bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all important organ, and their beneficial influence is manifested in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A dose of Hatcher's Bitters is likewise given to the system of the liver and bowels by its use.

CINCINNATI AGAIN.—We have just received a sample copy of a new piano piece called "Gentle Billows," by A. T. Cramer. This is without doubt the best piece we have seen for a long time! No one who has a piano should be without it. The price is 40 cents, but it will be sent to any one now for 25 cents. Address, J. C. Greene & Co., Music Publishers, 24 & 42 Arcade, Cincinnati.

Previous to the meeting of the Board of Trustees last Friday night there was a law in existence in Louisa taxing the owner of dogs \$2.00 per dog. This tax however, was removed at that meeting. The repeal was brought about by the question of whether certain owners of dogs should be exonerated from paying the \$2.00. Some of the Trustees say they will offer their resignation at the next meeting.

There are many topics so dry, tiresome and unromantic that in writing yr speaking of them the imagination has no room for her fantastic work. Among these we find various diseases—Piles for instance, a painful fact to so many sufferers. It is also an incontrovertible fact that Tabler's Buckeye Ointment will cure every case of piles on the globe if sufferers will use it.

We are glad to see a disposition on the part of the manufacturers in this country to excel in quality, and of consumers to purchase the best in the market, especially in the articles which enter into the food of man. We are led to the above rewards since having the pleasure of eating some very nice light Biscuit, made from J. Monroe Taylor's Gold Metal Soda or Saleratus. Our better half announces it the best she ever saw. Try it. Most all the Grocers and many Druggists sell it.

Burned to Death.

Probably the saddest occurrence in the history of our county was the burning of Mr. M. F. Carter's house and one of his little children last Wednesday night. The fire originated in the kitchen, but in what manner it is not known. Mrs. Carter was badly burned in the attempt to rescue the child—a little boy about five years old. Mr. Carter was, at the time of the accident, away from home discharging his duties as Assessor. The house was large, and the light from the fire was noticed by several persons at this place, a distance of about six miles. The building was insured for \$500. This entire community deeply sympathizes with the family.

Eight Persons Poisoned.

A short time after eating boron on Tuesday the 23rd inst., the family of Jack Terrian, at Rockville Station in this county, were taken suddenly and violently ill from the effects of what was found to be poisoned food. Mr. Terrian had been sick for some time and Dr. Banfield spent with him the night previous to the poisoned breakfast, and by partaking of the malignant food was also poisoned.

In addition to the persons above named the following were also poisoned: Mrs. Sarah Terrian (mother of Jack Terrian) aged 70 years, Mrs. Ellen Mayo, Miss Alice Powell, Willie Cavern, Jim Vinson (col.) and Pearl Oliver, a child of the servant girl, Mollie Oliver. Mrs. Sarah Terrian and the child of the servant girl have died, but the others will recover. "Rough on rats"

THE SUN DO MOVE,

AND

The Earth do Quake,

AND

JAMES A. HUGHES,

Louisa, Kentucky, has

MOVED DOWN TOWN to the Atkins Building,

Next door to Snyder's Hardware store. He has just returned from the East with the largest and best line of

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Clothing, Groceries,

And everything usually found in a first-class General Store. All new goods, bought for cash. He will be more than glad to meet all his old friends and as many new ones as possible.

IN DRY GOODS

We have the Nicest Line and Lowest Prices. All kinds of Nice Dress Goods from 50 per yd up. 16 Yards Good Canton Flannel, \$1.00. 40 cent Jeans, at 30 cents. 50 cent Jeans, 40 cents. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent Brown Muslin, at 7 cents.

Volina Cordial

CURES
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,
WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS,
MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT,
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

IT is long and durable, of great value as a good for weak and ailing Women and Children.

It gives NEW LIFE to the whole SYSTEM by Strengthening the Muscles, Toning the NERVES, and completely Destroying the food.

Volina Cordial
CONTAINS
No Hurtful Minerals, composed entirely of selected Vegetables, Medicines, combined skillfully, making a delicate, Pleasant Remedy.

For sale by all Druggists and Grocers. Should the reader hear you have not seen VOLINA CORDIAL, send \$1.00, and a full description will be sent.

Volina Drug and Chemical Company,
BOSTON, MASS.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED
SALES OF CHILDREN'S BODY STAPLES AND DAIRY PRODUCTS IN BEAUTIFUL PACKAGES. It is an interesting development long rare in one person. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of harm in this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly informed. Interested persons may get circulars giving all particulars, by addressing Miss Margaret, Co., Buffalo, N.Y.—Toledo Evening Bee.

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ARTHUR'S END.

The Twenty-fifth President of the United States Dead.

After Many Months of Suffering—History of His Career as a Teacher, Lawyer, Politician and President.



New York, Nov. 18.—Chester A. Arthur, Ex-President of the United States, died at his residence, on Lexington avenue, this morning, in his fifty-sixth year. Tuesday evening he chatted with his daughter, and talked of fishing land for next summer. He was so cheerful that every member of the family was happy, and said "Good-night" with regret, for he had to retire early. Stopping a few moments longer, they again bade him "Good-night," and left him alone with his attendant, who assisted him to bed and then went to his own room.

Wednesday morning early the attendant entered his room, and, not receiving the usual cheery salutation, he hurried to couch and found Mr. Arthur lying on his right side, breathing with difficulty. Anxious questions, "Is he dead?" repeated, brought no answer, and the nurse, who is almost the household, ran to the family physician. They came, and discovered that apoplexy had occurred during the night, followed by paralysis of the right side. They worked heroically, and succeeded, to their great relief, in returning consciousness, quickly succeeded by a relapse to the former condition.

The tongue was forever lost through the long watch of the night; he would occasions press the doctor's hand gently, and that of his daughter. It was affecting to see the loving spirit of the father. She wept, kiss him tenderly, and held him close, as if it were her last farewell. At midnight respiration became longer, and the feeble act on of the heart indicated that vitality was fast ebbing away, but the end was not expected as soon as it came.

Miss Nellie, who had grieved herself almost to death to rest a little and be ready to take her place by her father's bed to day, and others McKey and Mrs. Caw, with Surrender Bellini, were present when dissolution occurred. The attendant had come in and re-pennished the fire in the grate, the wind was high, and the rain patterning in fitful cadence upon the window. Suddenly the Ex-President breathed his last.

The tamson was so calm and peaceful those standing around the bedside found it hard to realize the wane no more of this earth. The fact of his death was known to all. Mr. Arthur was not made public, and it was not until some hours after his death that knowledge of it was on the street. As seen at the time, Mr. Arthur became known flags were placed half-mast on the custom-houses and on most of the public and mercantile buildings.

The funeral will take place on Monday at 9 a.m. in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth Avenue, Dr. Parker Morgau officiating. Mr. Arthur was not a member of any church, but his wife formed a little group at the church of the Ex-President's character was his strong point.

Mr. Arthur remains to be buried in the Albany Rural Cemetery, in the family plot.

It is expected that the members of President Arthur's cabinet will be asked to act as pallbearers at the funeral. He remains now like in a parlor on the second floor of the inauspicious residence whose honored owner has passed away.

General Arthur's History.

Chester A. Arthur was born in Fairfield, Franklin County, Vt., October 5, 1830, and was the eldest of fifteen, of two sons and three daughters. His father, William Arthur, was a Baptist clergyman. He died in Newtonville, near Albany, N. Y., October 27, 1857. The President's early education was received in the schools of Vermont, and at the age of fifteen he entered Union College at Schenectady, N. Y., graduating high in his class in 1849. During his college course he supported himself in part by teaching, and after graduation he continued in that occupation for four years, being for a time principal of the Pawtucket Academy in Vermont. Meantime he had also taught himself to study of law.

Having been admitted to the bar, he formed a partnership with Henry D. Gardner, and the two settled down to practice in New York, rapidly acquiring a good degree of success. Early in his professional career Mr. Arthur married in due course of time, and Herndon, of the United States Navy, an officer whom he had gone down with his ship at sea, and whose widow was the recipient of a gold medal. Mrs. Herndon, Mrs. Arthur died in 1880.

Mr. Arthur early took an active interest in politics as a Henry Clay Whig, and was a delegate to the convention at Saratoga which founded the Republican party of New York. Before the war he was Judge Advocate in the State militia.

When Edwin D. Morgan became Governor of New York in 1860 he appointed Mr. Arthur Engineer-in-Chief on his staff, and he was afterward made Inspector General, and then Quartermaster-General of the military forces of the State, which he held until the end of Governor Morgan's term, at the close of 1862.

In 1863 General Arthur returned to the practice of law, and set up a large business. Meantime he took an active part in politics, and became known for his skill as an organizer and manager. In November, 1863, he was appointed by President Lincoln Collector of Customs at Buffalo, N. Y., and was re-appointed in 1865. His second appointment was promptly confirmed by the Senate without a usual reference to a committee. President Lincoln, after his accession to the office, in 1865, proclaimed a general pardon for all persons in the civil service of the Government from taking any active part in political movements. Mr. Arthur was at that time chairman of the Republi-can Central Committee of New York City, and Mr. A. B. Cornell, who held the position of Adjutant-General, was chairman of the State Central Committee of the same party. Both gentlemen decided to comply with the President's order by resigning their offices, and were suspended from office, and reported nothing on which a charge of dereliction could be based. Both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, in connection with the same, acknowledged the purity of his official acts.

On July 1, 1866, he was appointed by the Senate, during the session of the Senate, but the appointment was not confirmed. The successor appointed after his failure in July was confirmed by his colleague in the Senate, the Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, and continued to take his seat in the Senate. He was zealous in supporting General Grant for the Presidency in the Chicago convention of 1868, being closely associated with Senator Conkling in the effort to nominate him. When the Senate failed to nominate General Grant was defeated, and Mr. Garfield was made the candidate. Mr. Arthur was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by acclamation. He took an active part in the management of the canvass which followed, especially in his own State, acting as Chairman of the Republican Central Committee.

In the contest between the President and Senator Conkling, in regard to appointments in the State of New York, the Vice-President took no part, after the resignation of the New York Senators, he went to Albany and actively participated in the effort to secure their re-election. It was during this contest that President Garfield received the shot that subsequently proved fatal. When the President, largely framed from all part in the public affairs and controversies of the time, the death of President Garfield was announced to him in New York, he tearfully disputed from the members of the Cabinet.

In accordance with the advice of friends he took the oath of office at his own house in New York before one of the judges of the State Supreme Court, and on the morning of September 20. After visiting Louisa Branch and accompanying the remains of the dead President to Washington, Mr. Arthur was sworn into office in a more formal manner in the presence of the Supreme Court on the 21st, and delivered a brief address, in which he expressed his sense of the grave responsibility which rested upon him. The same day, as his first official act, he convened a special day of mourning for his predecessor. A special session of the Senate was called for the purpose of choosing a presiding officer. The members of the Cabinet were requested to remain in their places until the adjournment of Congress, in December.

Mr. Arthur was the kind of man whom

the Treasury Department desired to become a candidate, and the Senate from Minnesota, insisted on his resignation. Charles J. Folger, of the New York Court of Appeals, was chosen as his successor, after Ex-Governor E. L. Morgan, of the same State, had declined the appointment, which it had been submitted to the Senate, and promptly confirmed. President Arthur finished his term of office in a manner quite acceptable to the people.

AXES AND AXEMEN.

The Once Numerous Race of Choppers and Hewers Dying Out.

"Ah! it was something to be a good樵夫 (樵夫) fifty years ago," said a gray-haired gentleman, as he faced an array of axes in a Lake street establishment.

"But the race of choppers and hewers is dying out, giving place to modern methods. Many is the sharp contest I have witnessed in pioneer communities for the distinction of being called 'best axeman.' I've chopped a bit myself,

he added in a meditative way, as he rubbed a polished poll against his cheek. "Anxiously I asked, 'What's the best?' he replied, 'I meaned to become a champion,' he said, 'but I'm afraid I'll never be one again.'

"I've heard of a man who is still a champion," he said, "but he's not the best."

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DOMESTIC CATTLE.

Valuable Scientific Facts Relating to the Origin of the British Breeds.

Prof. Boyd Dawkins, as the result of his investigations as to the origin of British breeds of cattle, believes the two principal stocks from which all the breeds are descended are undoubtedly (1) the Ursus, an animal wild in the forests of Europe later than the days of Charles the Great, and which is believed to have been extinct in the British Isles; (2) the Bos longifrons, or "small Celtic Short-Horn," an animal which never was nubrigously wild in Europe. Both were probably domesticated in Asia, and both made their appearance together in the Neolithic age, in the possession of those who lived on the wooden platforms and artificial islands in the Swiss lakes. The remains of the latter are, he says, to be found all over Europe in refuse heaps belonging to various periods, from the Neolithic age down to within the historical period. It is the only domestic of which he has met in the large number of refuse heaps in the British Isles, ranging from the neolithic age down to the time of the English invasion, and is represented by the present Highland cattle, small Welsh and small Irish cattle.

The first, or the Ursus stock, preserved to Great Britain almost in its aboriginal purity in the so-called wild cattle of Chillingham, he has been unable to trace further back than the invasion of Britain by the English and of Ireland by the Scandinavians. As the evidence stands, it was unknown in these islands as a domesticated animal before this time.

The present breeds are, in the opinion of Prof. Dawkins, descended from the two stocks, and are the result of crossing and selection. The polled cattle are considered to be the result of selection in which advantage has been taken of a tendency to revert to an ancestral hornless type, probably as far back as the Miocene age. He would expect to meet with them from time to time in every breed, just as from time to time a horse is born with three toes, which have been derived from his remote Miocene ancestor, the Aachiterium. On this point it is interesting to note the polled skull of Bos taurinus in the Florence museum, belonging to a fossil species unusually horned, living along with extinct elephants and rhinoceroses and other animals in the plains of Lombardy, in the Nal d'Arno. Lord Selkirk's letter to Prof. Dawkins shows how the horns were bred out of the Galloway, and his version is confirmed by the independent evidence collected by Youatt. The Galloway, however, he says, were not the only polled cattle in Britain, although they were the ancestors of those of the Norfolk and Suffolk breeds. The Gisburne cattle, now extinct, but of which there is a specimen in the museum at Owen's College, were polled, being in other respects identical with the Chillingham. It is, however, smaller. The Gisburne polled cattle became extinct in 1859, and the skull of the last bull is in the museum, as stated.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Small men make the best choppers as a rule. Their superior skill more than compensates for the greater strength of big men. A true eye and the ability to strike each alternate blow in precisely the same place, coupled with great endurance, are the requisites of a good chopper. The expert axeman looks as closely to the length, shape and bevel of his blade, the form of the helve and poll, and the weight of the axe as the fence to his foil. The weight of the axe is a matter of preference for the individual. Not so much with the shape of the axe. If the object be to cut small timber, which may be severed from one to a half dozen blows, an axe with a long, thin blade and as little bevel as compatible with strength is chosen, and at every stroke the blade is buried to the helve. If it is intended to fell large trees or cut large timber this axe would be deeply at each stroke, but the cap would remain in the log after the incision was made and would require more blows for its dislodgement than for its formation. Therefore for this purpose the axeman picks out an axe having a thick blade with a sharp bevel, which acts as a wedge and forces out the chips at the same stroke which makes the incision. Of course this axe will not cut as deeply into the wood at each blow as the thinner-bladed one.

"Your true axeman despises a double-bladed axe, and for good reason. The poll is necessary to give the blade the proper force and direction. These machine-made handles are an abomination. A bad helve doubles the strain on the chopper and soon wears him out. No good chopper wants any one to make his handle for him. He has his ideas about size, length and flexibility, and you had just as well talk about a common pattern in false teeth as in axes and handles. It is not funny that no one has improved on the axe of our grandfathers. The only difference between those now sold and the ones made one hundred years ago is that the hammermarks are now ground out and a little better polish put on."

Death of a French Heroine.

One of the heroines of a famous historical escape from prison has just died in Paris—the Baroness de Forget, formerly Josephine de Lavalette, who helped to rescue her father on the eve of his execution. Few episodes in French history are more familiar than the pathetic story of Mme. Lavalette disguising the condemned Bonapartist in her own clothes and sending him out of the Conciergerie on the arm of young Josephine, then a girl of thirteen. In her nervousness Josephine forgot her instructions to keep on her father's right, so as to prevent the turnkey from handing out the supposed Mme. Lavalette, then a girl of thirteen. Josephine nursed both her father and mother until their death, and has now followed them at the age of ninety-three.—*N. Y. Star*.

Investigation in the blind asylums of Philadelphia and Baltimore develops that persons who become blind before they are five years old never dream of seeing. The memory of sight in those so young soon vanishes, and they only dream of hearing.

The sad fate of Bambi, the hippopotamus imported for the Central Park, has not precluded the park commissioners from investing \$2,000 in another specimen of the race, a young female. —*N. Y. Graphic*.

A quick-witted and waggish Georgia widow, named Gunn, as soon as she felt the earthquake, blew an enormous horn that she had in her house, to make her neighbors think the day of judgment had come. They thought it

PROV. CHAS. P. WILLIAMS, Ph.D., of Philadelphia, says there is neither morphine, opium nor minerals in Red Star Cough Cure.

TEMBLETING, whose opinions are not without weight, notwithstanding his mixed rhetoric, says that a man must be an ass to work like a horse.—*Boston Transcript*.

Two 1886 Gold Medals.

Messrs. Mason & Hamlin again have the honor of having been awarded the highest gold medals over all exhibitors, American and European, both at Liverpool and at Edinburgh, the two most important exhibitions of the year 1886. Since the first great Paris exhibition of 1867, the Mason & Hamlin Organs have invariably received the highest honors at all great world's exhibitions.

The dutes are very partial to winter because it's such cold weather, you know.

—*Boston Transcript*.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.—The BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures all types of debilitated digestion, Weakness, Jaundice, Blood, Catarrh, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an excellent remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is a cure for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It cures and purifies the blood, stimulates the assimilation of food, relieves rheumatism, catarrh, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Interstitial Fever, Mastoiditis, Lack of Energy, etc., it has equal.

It will afford instant ease.

Take by half a fluid ounce, half a glassful of water will stop the most excruciating pains, and the liquid will pass through the system.

Trade mark.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

Proprietors of Radway's Branapetitum

Residual and Dr. Radway's Pitta.

For Thanksgiving, for

the Merry Days of December, or

for Any Festival Occasion.

THE ROYAL ENGLISH (for singing Classes).

It is a bright, cheerful and sacred.

10cts. per dozen.

ANTHEMS OF PRAISE, a new collection, is filled with brilliant Anthems and Choruses.

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KONG GREETING (for High Schools) has many attractive parts, very effective for public singing.

10cts. per dozen.

KING WINTER (Opera, 10 cents) by L. O. Emerson, and

CAUGHT NAUPLIOP (Opera, 10 cents) by Lew Lewis are the newest kind of Amcas Cantatas, and quite new; and the</p